

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Unpaid Account.

By VINCENT G. PERRY.
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I was monotonous work. Ina Walker was doing making out accounts for the month. She had made it a practice to find something interesting in all her work and as she typed each statement she broke the monotony by trying to draw a mind picture of each person from whom she was making out a bill. Mrs. Urban was a fussy widow who owned a dozen cats and lived all alone. Mr. Little was a tall man with a great mustache. Mrs. Tibbitt was very methodical. And so she imagined what they all were alike. She had never seen any of them and never expected to have the pleasure of finding out if her deductions were correct. She stopped her machine as she came to a familiar name on the list—Mr. Lawrence Wright.

"Hain't this Lawrence Wright paid his bill yet?" he asked Mr. Armstrong, the office manager. "His subscription is nearly three years in arrears, and I have billed him every month for at least two years."

"No, he hasn't, and I don't see any way of collecting it. We have sent a collector there half a dozen times, and the last time he was nearly thrown out. There is nothing for it but to keep reminding the account. That's the way with these young fellows with more money than brains—they don't think they have to pay or anything, and if by some miracle they do start paying bills they leave a newspaper subscription to the last. I wish we could cut him off the list and see if that would bring him to time; but we can't for he is a friend of Mr. Jones—a prospect for his daughter, likely."

"Our collectors can't be of much use or they could collect from a man with lots of money," Ina said, just loud enough for the head collector to hear. "Just try it yourself, Miss Walker."

"Lead collector fished. "I will collect it, too. If Mr. Armstrong will consent," she laughed, delighted at being able to rattle the coils of the collector.

"I am willing," the manager consented. "You can start out now if you like."

Ina had not been quite in earnest, but she would not withdraw after making the boast. She went back to her typewriter and worked mechanically until she had finished the accounts, and then unconcernedly put on her hat and started out to collect the bill. On the car she tried to remember how she had pictured Mr. Lawrence Wright, but she had pictured him so often and each time differently. She would have to start picturing him all over again, she decided. He would be pompous and overbearing, short and fat with a long red nose, and would look her up and down as if she were far beneath him socially. She would show him that she could hold her own with any man, and tell him just what she thought of him if he didn't get a check to cover the amount of the bill.

He lived in a fashionable apartment house. She envied him that, even though he were fat and pompous. She rang the bell at the door bearing his name plate. The door opened and the man before her was fat and pompous, a second glance told her it wasn't Mr. Wright; it was a butler in livery.

"What name?" asked the butler.

"I am from Mr. Jones," she said.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"Donna, dear, as long as there are so many men to pay court to you I should think you would find life interesting and hardly boring," I said to my sweet Donna when we resumed the discussion of the joys and sorrows of being a widow.

"That's all very well, dear. There is a certain amount of spice and thrill in combating the game with what I have, but sometimes I get sick and tired of the whole thing and so I fearfully become I can hardly stand it, and then I am so disappointed when I meet a man who I thought would make a fine pal and suddenly he tries to make love to me and spoils it all. You see then he is lost to me, for you must either fall or cut him."

"You were a good fisherman and I shrink from cutting up wiggy worms."

"But, Donna, have you never seen a man you thought you would like to marry?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered promptly.

"Why do you not marry him?" I asked.

"Well, for many reasons. In the first place, I think after a woman reaches my age she does not wish to give up the freedom of her soul and make that remark to a man so other day and he turned to his wife with an indifferent air and said, 'My dear, you have never had to give up the freedom of your soul because you had a husband, have you?'"

"And she, Margie, answered in a weak little thin voice, 'No, indeed, but I happen to know that there has been a time since that woman was married when she could call her soul her own for a minute's time. She belongs to her husband all right, all right.'"

"That woman knew she was lying, but do you believe, Margie, I am sure that husband thought his wife was telling the truth, for it never enters the mind of any man that his wife is not also the will of his wife. The nearer a woman can come to making her husband realize that she is not acquiescing to his every opinion, but also in making him believe that his opinion is hers—that she nor no one else could think any differently given the same circumstances, the nearer she will approach the blessed and rare state of marital happiness."

"The other night," continued Donna, "a man that I like very much and who is quite devoted to me said, 'If a woman only knew it, she could make any man in the world crazy about her. If she could only make him understand that to her he is a Superman to whom she always looks with awe and admiration.'"

GIVE US MORE OF HER KIND



Man's inhumanity to man has found its saddest testimonial in the baggage room. Now woman—claiming to be more careful and considerate than man—is to have her inning. The mince pies are to have a better chance in getting to their destination whole, and the cut glass isn't going to be battered by the flat iron. That's the reassuring promise of this fair Seattle baggage hustler, and decorated. We hope her kind arrives in Fairmont; she will have an equally high sense of responsibility.

after a moment's hesitation. It was a bold step, but she felt it was necessary to gain an entrance. After all she was representing the president of the Times indirectly.

The butler usher her into the reception room. She waited uneasily, her eyes taking in the room. It was very tastefully arranged and decorated. She hoped her kind would not appear in a bathrobe—men in bathrobes were one of her aversions. She was examining a beautiful reproduction of a masterpiece on the wall when a slight sound told her someone else was in the room. She tried to sink back in her chair, but she realized in time it would be a clumsy move, and straightened up to a face a tall, handsome man. He could not help seeing surprised look on her face, but she knew he did not know it was because she had pictured him as fat and pompous.

him as fat and pompous, she was thankful he didn't.

"Did you wish to see me?" he asked pleasantly. His voice was in keeping with his appearance.

"Yes, I have a small account here for your Times subscription. It is just fifteen dollars—for three years, in arrears, you know. I would not have called, but we have mailed you a bill and we thought it likely you had let it slip your notice and would think us careless if we did not remind you."

"Hain't this bill been paid?" he exclaimed in true surprise. "I will write you out a check at once. This is just another of the bills I find my secretary has neglected. For three years I have been leaving all my affairs to him, and he has made a muddle of them. I believe I could have done better myself."

"I am sure you could," Ina said earnestly. "It is a mistake for a man of brains to leave his business for others to do. Goodness knows what harm an unscrupulous secretary can do a disinterested employer."

"Thank you for calling me a man of been depending upon my secretary too right about the rest of it. I have been taking life far too easily and have brains," he smiled. "I believe you are much. He is away on his vacation now, and I'm not going to let him come back. I have found many things he has left undone. Why, there was a stream of collectors here this morning, and I thought I didn't owe a cent. That comes from all the other men you mail. I don't believe I can trust another one to do these things again."

"I should say you couldn't. Why don't you try a woman secretary?" she suggested.

"I never thought of that. How would you like the position?" she asked.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of myself," she blushed.

"I know you weren't," he replied. "But I think you would suit me."

They were waiting at the office for Ina with the expectation of a good laugh, but the laugh was on her side. The smile on her face told them that the minute she entered.

"I collected the money," she laughed, flourishing the check.

They gathered around her to hear her experience, but she wasn't very communicative.

"He was a fine man and it was the fault of a dishonest secretary that he didn't pay before," was all she would say.

"A full confession had to come when she resigned her position on Saturday night."

"You will be marrying him next," Mr. Armstrong prophesied.

"But how about Miss Jones, the president's daughter?" she asked, trying to hide her seriousness.

"Her engagement was announced this week. She is to marry a New York banker. There is no need to count her a rival," Armstrong assured her.

After she had made her departure the head collector turned to Mr. Armstrong and said:

"She's a pretty girl and they say he's a handsome fellow. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if what you said comes true."

"Neither would I," Armstrong agreed. "A year later they were surprised when it did come true."

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Osgood's for Quality

Selecting will be permitted all day Wednesday, but no goods will be sold before Thursday Morning.

The Clear-All Sale

Which is an important Semi-Annual Event is scheduled to begin at 9 o'clock

Thursday Morning, January 17th

Patrons who have attended these sales on former occasions will need no urging to come now. To those who are not acquainted with this value giving event, we want to state briefly, that each and every article and garment in the store carries a reduced price ticket for three days. The prices are usually so low that in three short days we dispose of nearly all our winter stock.

Most important is the Sale of Coats Suits Dresses

Tomorrow's papers will disclose the low prices prevailing in these departments and you may be sure that they will be attractive enough to make it worth while to come for.

The Furs!

will go extremely fast because the prices will be marked so very low. See tomorrow's papers.

Waists!

There will be waists as low as 50c and some will be as high as \$7.50, but put it down that if you want one or several blouses this is the time to buy them.

Millinery!

especially of velvet will be greatly reduced

Reductions Also on

Skirts Sweaters

Gloves Hosiery

Osgood's now as ever, the best place to shop, after all.

WE'RE ALL IRISH ON POTATO DAY

By BIDDY EYE.

If you harbor a secret but insatiable appetite for the plain, ordinary, plebeian Irish potato, and gratify that appetite at least once a day—then cheer up, swell out your chest and grin—for you are already a first class private in the United States food administration's campaign to establish an Irish Potato Day as the weekly companion of our old friends Meatless and Wheatless.

Here are a few variations of the bake, boil, fry, and cream methods of potato cooking.

Alabama Potatoes.

Boil 8 medium sized potatoes in their skins until they can easily be pierced with a fork, drain and set back on stove to dry out. Peel the potatoes and serve hot with the following sauce. One tablespoonful of wheat flour blended with 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, adding, as it melts, 3 tablespoonfuls of water. Allow mixture to come to a boil, remove from

the fire and stir in the yolk of 1 egg, beaten until light. Then add 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar and pour the sauce over the hot boiled potatoes.

Potato Puff Balls.

Boil potatoes and mash them very smooth, using 5 or 6 medium sized potatoes for this recipe. Add to mashed potatoes 1 tablespoonful of melted butter and 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Beat the yolks of 2 eggs and stir into potato mixture. Form into balls and throw them into fast boiling water for 2 minutes. Remove from boiling water and brush the balls with white of egg, roll in fine bread crumbs or cornmeal and fry in vegetable oil. Potato puff balls are delicious served with fish or boiled meat.

Potato Doughnuts.

Cream 4 tablespoonfuls of butter with 1 cupful of sugar stir in 2 well beaten eggs and 1 cupful mashed potatoes. Add 1 cupful of milk, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder and enough whole wheat flour to make a soft dough. Roll into sheet 1/2 inch thick. Cut out doughnuts and fry in corn oil or other vegetable fat.

To the Women of Fairmont:

IF THERE is any one thing America stands for it is Democracy, and if there is one organization in America that is purely Democratic it is the Red Cross. Women of every creed, color and position work for it, and the garments they fashion are for men of every creed and color from the highest officer to the humblest private. Just American women working for America's army, that's all—are you one of them?

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM DIDN'T GIVE, BUT SOME CLOTH DID.)—BY ALLMAN.

